

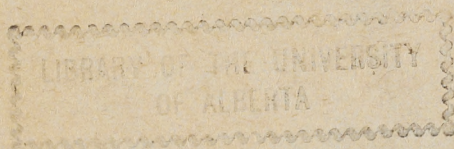
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STET

A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE GATEWAY
EDITED BY F. CLANDFIELD and R. SCAMMELL

March 1958

CONTENTS

	Page
Scarecrow R. F. Pinder	5
Free Verse —I—	7
Villon in Prison Charles Anderson	8
Jazz Dick Dunlop	9
Old John Ed Friesen	13
Picasso and Art Doug Saunders	15
Doomsday Helen Eisert	20
Mr. Prudu Helen Eisert	21
Julius —I—	21
An Ode to a Lowbrow Charles Talbot	22
"But do not let us quarrel" Helen Eisert	23
The Rebels Edwin N. Turner	23
Sunbeams —I—	23
A Dream R. F. Pinder	24
Tom Charles Anderson	24
All Which is Useless Lawrence Burns	25
Thunder —I—	29
Frost Helen Eisert	29
Fig Leaves Edwin N. Turner	30
Fatality Helen Eisert	30
Allegory —X—	31
The Uncommon Skunk Charles Anderson	31

To The Reader:

This is the sixth issue of "Stet". Its contents represent the best creative work the editors have managed to unearth on Alberta's campus.

In this issue the number of poems far exceeds the number of those printed in past years; it so happens that more poems were submitted this year than in the past (also more rejected). It also happens that fewer prose pieces were received than for previous issues. Perhaps Alberta students, feeling hampered by the restrictions of paragraphing and the like, are adopting poetry, whose restrictions, though at least important as with prose, are less obvious and therefore easier to ignore.

The editors, of course, do not feel that the prose in this booklet excels the verse; but it is possibly significant that the verse is mostly "free" verse, and not in traditional forms.

But in any case, the editors feel that all the works here printed, though not always as perfect or polished as those which appear in more learned publications, do have merit and are worth reading. And on their merits, and not on any occasional imperfections, they should be judged.

—F. Clandfield and R. Scammell

Scarecrow

Sunny Alberta—it can be so hot and dry, even in mid-September. The shaggy, neglected mongrel lay under the caraganas panting in the oppressive heat; for the sun was blazing in a clear blue sky, unchallenged by even a wisp of cloud. Beyond the garden, in the maple-grove my grandparents had planted when they first came from Austria, the flushed and yellow leaves hung silently and wearily from their branches, not so much as a breath of wind threatening to ruffle them. In the air a heavy, sweet-sick odor of frozen vines—potato and pumpkin—hung, seeming to spread by its own intensity to cover the whole deserted farmyard. Deserted?—well, so it seemed. I have never known the dull and weathered farmhouse to look so empty as it did today, even though the voices of gossiping women and whining children floated through the battered and patched-up screen door. In the garden, two men worked with fork and spade over the vegetables; while another, a much older man, from his perch on an old apple-box, appeared to be making trite conversation. Unregarded by the workers, a bleached and tattered old scarecrow, my grandmother's own handiwork, stood by the garden path as if, ironically, to keep guard. Occasionally a crow or a bluejay would light on its outstretched arms; then, as if to tease the poor thing, it would screech and lift its wings, drifting toward the rows of silver-green cornstalks. Now the scarecrow seemed to glare at the busy men like some timid nightwatchman stumbling upon a gang of burglars—as if the men were intruders and he was to keep them out, but he was powerless—or afraid.

I snapped from my daydreams and got out of my little English car, letting the door slam shut behind me. At the sound the men looked up from their work. Two small noses flattened against the screen, and above them the tall, hazy figure of my aunt, in men's workclothes, appeared. Skipper, the mongrel, jumped up from under the hedge and ran to welcome me enthusiastically. I was pleased, but surprised, that he had remembered me from last summer, for he was getting very

old, and to walk, let alone run, seemed to require a great effort on his part. As I patted him, I waved absentmindedly to the figures behind the screendoor; and although I would rather have gone into the house, I turned and started toward the garden. The scarecrow caught my attention. As I walked past it planning my conversation with my uncles, I reached out to touch it—as I sometimes have a compulsion to do with certain objects. Sometime, when no one else is around, I thought, I shall come back to paint it. I shall come back to paint the whole farm; for surely paint alone can capture its lonely, dying beauty.

The old man spoke to me first, in his broken, but understandable English. We had not seen each other for seven years, since I was fifteen. He seemed glad to see me again, commenting that I had not grown as tall as I should have, my uncles and aunts, and my parents all being so tall. We all exchanged casual greetings, shook hands, and my uncles went back to digging potatoes.

"You go back to school purty soon, Leslie?" asked the old man.

"Back for another year, Gido," I replied, "then I'm all through."

"Oh. You go to work next year? Make lots of moneys, eh Boy?" He winked.

"Where are you gonna work, Les?" asked Uncle Harry. When I was younger he had been my favorite Uncle. He had always liked me, too, and I suppose he was still interested in my future. But then, that was the whole trouble—they were all so interested in my future, at least they were at one time.

"Oh . . . , I'm not sure about anything yet, Unc," I answered, slightly embarrassed.

"Artists never work, Harry," Uncle John broke in. "Pretty pictures have their place—I like 'em as well as the next guy. But you can't eat 'em."

I wanted to lash out in self-defence, but I was silent. I have never been able to defend myself—or others who mean a great deal to me, for that matter. How could he have known how wonderful it is to put life on canvas, the joy of transforming a lifeless lump of paint into an

idea, or a thing of character? Religious people, I am sure, would describe such an experience in spiritual terms, but I have no such language—much as I regret to say. So I only paint—or try.

The mongrel wagged his tail and reached up to lick by fingers.

"Skipper still remembers me," I said, changing the subject. "I guess he misses Grandma. Has he been here alone since the funeral?"

"Yeah." Why, it had been a whole week!

"Who's going to take him?"

"Well, I don't owe him a living," Uncle John said, handing me a gunny-sack to hold while he dumped a pail of potatoes.

Don't owe him a living! Did he suppose Grandma had *owed* him all this? Why, he was going to take home a whole winter's supply of vegetables. And from her garden. She had planted them and looked after them, as old and sick as she had been.

"Olga and me would take him," Uncle Harry said, "but the city's no place for a dog."

Uncle John took the sack from me, lifting it to let the potatoes fall to the bottom.

The old man asked me whether I thought animals had a soul and I said that I didn't know. Then he added, nodding his head wisely: "I t'ink he's about old enough to die anyways."

"I guess so, *Gido*."

The screen door of the house opened, and one of the little girls called out that coffee was ready. I was glad to be able to get out of the terrible heat. An the garden—for some reason it made me feel very uneasy.

As we walked by, a bird flew off the scarecrow, and suddenly I felt the most overwhelming, most irrational compassion for the lifeless, helpless thing. Again I wanted to reach out and touch it, but without even looking back, I went with my uncles. That moment, I felt, I had lived once before. Somewhere in the past. . . .

Inside, I kissed my aunts dutifully, spoke to my cousins and sat down with the rest of them to lunch. Instead of joining us, Aunt Jenny, John's old coveralls in spite of the heat, went to work cleaning out my grandmother's chiffonier, sorting out the clothing, mostly handknit woolens, and piling it into a cardboard-

box to take home. She kept interrupting Auntie Olga, who was inquiring about my mother's health and how she was managing the farm, to remind her of what still had to be done when coffee was over. The dishes, she said, still had to be packed. And would Olga "get busy right away after lunch" as she put it, "and run to the attic and find some more boxes?" And they still had to decide which of them was to take the skunk salt-and-pepper shakers, she said.

I have always felt sorry for Auntie Olga, dominated as she is by her sister-in-law. Aunt Jenny I have never been able to figure out. She is so different from my mother, and from her brother Harry. Jenny and John are well suited, people say. And I agree—they are both terribly possessive. But I am judging them, as I too often do.

Irritated by the course of conversation, I returned to my day-dreaming, and to studying the big, empty room. Words are too lifeless to describe such emptiness as possessed it when my grandmother died. Only paint can do that, and only a master would succeed in capturing it. There was only the one room downstairs, Grandma having used it as a kitchen, dining-room and bed-room, after the Old Country fashion. In one corner stood the black cast-iron stove, just as it always had been. At least they would leave the stove, I thought, but only because it was useless to them, and unsightly. My grandmother could bake tastier pies in it than my aunts in their electric ranges, but that would not be considered. The stove was useless and unsightly. My little cousins were lying on the cot, the older one having succumbed to the heat and fallen asleep, the younger gawking at me in affected shyness, like a young bird. Light-colored patches showed on the walls—the last traces of the pictures they had packed into the bulging cardboard boxes. An old calendar remained—and no doubt always would—a picture of Christ praying in the Garden. It was poor art, but I liked it, knowing how she had treasured it. I noticed Skipper standing behind the screen, wagging his tail; but Aunt Jenny doesn't like animals in the house. I let him stay out in the hot sun. My eyes came to rest on the floor, its once brightly-flowered linoleum

now streaked black above the ridges of the floorboards, worn by the years my grandmother had shuffled over it in her slippers feet.

Having finished my coffee, I lit a cigarette. The old man spoke, I think for the first time since we had come inside.

"God no like you to smoke, Boy," he said severely, then added more gently, "He want you to be clean. Inside. Outside." He cupped his hands, turning them over to illustrate his meaning. He smiled tutorially.

What had God thought, I wondered, when he had left Grandma? I wondered why he would marry her, an old widow, leave her alone to support herself, then come back in hopes of sharing the spoils. Why?—if God were so important to him. For a moment I was going to ask. But instead, I butted my cigarette.

We got up to leave and I noticed several plants that had been half-hidden by the curtains. "Don't forget them." I said, pointing.

"They're only geraniums," Auntie Jenny observed. "Besides, they're all dried up."

"I might take them," Auntie Olga said, "... if there's room."

As we walked back to the garden, my eyes fell again on the scarecrow, but this time I could not move them. Surely I had lived this moment before. I pitied the poor thing. I loved it. Yet, I was afraid of it. And even while we picked potatoes under that awful sun, I could not remove its image from my mind.

Why doesn't somebody talk? Say something. Anything. Just give me something else to think about! Why didn't they talk about Grandma.

Just say how grateful they were to her? They had a right to take her things—after all, they were her children. But did they have to take them so ungraciously?—as if they had earned them?

The women were coming out of the house with more gunny-sacks. More sacks for more loot. Like crows. Of course, like crows!

Suddenly I knew: I was a scarecrow, too.

The guilty thing leaned a bit to one side, his rags hanging quietly from his body, and a small tin disk dangling from a piece of binder-twine lying away from his side. Several crows had lit around him and were feeding on the seeds of a pumpkin they had broken open with their teeth. One, the sentinel, stood proudly, almost scornfully on the scarecrow's head, keeping a cautious eye on the men that worked across the garden.

How like that print I have of Gauguin's *Crucifixion*! Yes! the helpless woodlike arms extended against a background of beautifully colored, but dying countryside.

I glanced at my uncles, all busy picking and storing. Even the old man was working. *I should protest.* I looked again at the scarecrow.

Without a moment's warning, a gust of wind struck him. Rags flapped! The metal plate clanged against his side. The sentinel gave a frightened cry and the black thieves rose, disappearing into the maple-grove, into leaves that shivered and lightened. Just as in Gauguin! those black robbers crawling over the garden wall.

Skipper barked in excitement. I bit my lip, and turned to face the flock . . .

R. F. Pinder

Free Verse

i read
of a person
going around
doing good

it is

quite embarrassing
that i
am content
with just
going around

I

Villon In Prison . . .

So it's come to a neck-verse;
Well, no better and no worse
Than rhyme or roast in Hell.
The charge is theft;
I wonder which it was,
That gave them cause?
And I've no money left
For women, wine and dice.
Some tavern this,
No company but lice
And my poor aching head.
Much better dead;
And yet, and yet,
A rhyme's most easily conceived.
H'm, one of my own, or
One I've thieved?
Best not to steal;
One never knows
What goes on
In a fat judge's
Fatter head.
Some lines in praise of Justice,
A prayer and vow
To mend my ways,
(I might keep that
At least three days).
That's got the church and state
Sewn up like the
Snake and the dog in
A parricides sack.
Now for the ape;
Yes, the desires of the ape;
They run to a coarse
Couplet in the
Vulgar tongue:
People, church and state,
The dog, the snake and the ape:
Sewn in a sack,
How like the world.
But is it worth it,
This cursed course
Of taverns, wenches,
Wine and theft
That I call life?
Claim clergy,
And start the thing again,
Or not, and let my black
And sober friend
End me as another
Apple on the black apple tree.

Charles Anderson

Jazz

"Jazz is the real beginning of serious American music."

—Leonard Bernstein

"Jazz is noise."

—Sir Malcolm Sargent

A great deal of the controversy over jazz is the result of confusion as to the meaning of the word itself. For example, the Concise Oxford Dictionary defines jazz as "music and dance of U.S. negro origin with characteristic harmony and ragtime rhythm; noisy or grotesque proceedings." Webster gives this definition, "Jazz—Negro term for syncopated music or ragtime played discordantly on various instruments; a boisterous dance to such music." Now these definitions are wrong in several points. Jazz is not primarily or necessarily a dance music, it is not the same as ragtime, its rhythm is not necessarily syncopated, it is not exclusively negro music and it is very rarely and certainly not intentionally discordant, noisy or grotesque.

On the other hand, many people believe that the term includes all American popular music. Although nearly all popular music including Western music today shows the influence of jazz, we will confine our discussion to jazz as defined by Professor Marshall Stearns in *The Story of Jazz*, "a semi-improvisational American music distinguished by an immediacy of communication, an expressiveness characteristic of the free use of the human voice, and a complex flowing rhythm; it is the result of a three-hundred-years' blending in the United States of the European and West African musical traditions; and its predominant components are European harmony, Euro-African melody, and African rhythm."

The West African Negroes brought to America as slaves carried with them a lively musical tradition. Compared to European music, the music of West Africa was not so well developed harmonically and had about the same degree of development of melody. But in its rhythm, African music was far more complex than its counterpart in Europe.

When the Negro slave was brought to the Western hemisphere, he found

himself in a milieu where a different musical tradition, that of Western Europe, held sway. Under the pressure of this different type of music, the general result was that the Negro modified his own music, adding European elements and thus producing something neither African nor European.

The effect of the African tradition on the American Negro's music, including jazz, shows itself in three ways; first, in the expressive and individual way of using the voice and of playing instruments, second, in the modified use of the African fourteen or fifteen note scale, and third, in the propulsive, swinging rhythm. Let us take these points in order.

The Negro slaves in America had little opportunity for classical voice training and as a result they continued to use the style of singing which they could remember from Africa. Students of Negro singing have come to the conclusion that "unlike classical singing where the aim is to imitate an instrument, the goal of a blues singer is to make free use of his or her voice; that is, to employ every sound of his or her voice is capable—including the mechanics of breathing—in order to attain expressiveness, especially rhythmic expressiveness." The desire to attain expressiveness at the expense of a pure or a classical tone is not limited to singing but is obvious also in his playing of instruments.

The second effect of the African tradition upon the music of the American Negro was in the field of melody. The Negro had been accustomed to a fourteen or fifteen note scale including two or three quarter-tones. However, in the United States, he found that the scales in use did not possess these quarter-tones. The apparent result of this dilemma is suggested by Professor Stearns.

"The negro would necessarily adopt the diatonic scale which he found around him but, at the same time, his own tradition of the neutral third and second (that is, the quarter-tones) might survive just long enough to influence the diatonic scale and

cause a different treatment of these two areas . . . The impulse of the Negro, therefore, would be to flatten these two notes toward a conformity with African practice, and thus a compromise would result whereby varying pitch might be employed. In some such manner the jazz scale, with its distinctive characteristic of the two 'blue notes' and over-all blue tonality, may have evolved."

The third and in many ways the most important quality of American negro music traceable to West Africa is that music's rhythm. Compared to the complex and, to Western ears, incomprehensible polyrhythms and cross-rhythms of African music, jazz rhythms are comparatively simple. The basic rhythm of most American negro folk music except, in its early stages, is 2/4 or 4/4 time, but underlying this rhythm are the subtleties of African rhythm. In other words, the solid 1,2,3,4 beat, which newcomers to jazz seem to regard as its basic and only rhythm, is really only the departure point for all the subtle variations on that rhythm which the jazz soloist can conceive and perform. The resultant effect of tension when the soloist moves away from the unflagging beat, and relaxation when he returns to the basic music, is one of the important elements in American Negro music.

Negro folk music took many forms but the final development was jazz, and this final development took place in New Orleans during the period between the Civil War and 1900. Some of the music of the New Orleans Negro was clearly African in nature.

As late as 1885, the Negro population of the city took part in giant dances which were said to resemble African ring dances. On the other hand, much of this Negro music showed the strong influence of European music such as the army brass bands. Many of the very poor Negroes formed small spasm bands which played nothing but improvised instruments such as kazoos, jugs and wash boards. These Negroes who could afford more orthodox instruments formed themselves into brass bands and it was these groups which really played the first jazz.

The instrumentation of these brass bands was practically all traditional jazz. The rhythm instruments were the piano, banjo, bass violin or tuba

and drums while the melodic instruments were the trumpet, the trombone and the clarinet. Another characteristic of this early jazz was its strong propulsive syncopated rhythm which carried on despite the seeming wanderings of the soloists.

I say the seeming wanderings because the soloists' carefree disregard for the exact melody, and indeed their tendency to ignore that melody entirely, points up perhaps the most important element of New Orleans and all other jazz; that is, that jazz is essentially based on improvisation. Improvisation in jazz is the extemporaneous or spontaneous creation of melody by the soloist or by the band. This improvisation may be limited to an ornamentation of the original melody, or it may take the form of spontaneous solos which form variations upon the melody, or indeed, entirely new melodies. In New Orleans jazz, the improvisations are more complex in that two or at times all three of the horns improvise together.

How is this improvisation achieved? The secret of New Orleans jazz and of jazz in general is that the seemingly unbounded and completely free improvisation nevertheless does take place within a basic and pre-determined framework. In jazz generally, the elements set before the improvisation begins include the tempo, the key, the theme, the set of harmonic progressions and the sequence of solos.

Jazz developed rapidly in New Orleans. Some jazz musicians found employment in Storyville, the amazing red-light district of New Orleans where prostitutes could operate their houses legally if they obtained a license from the city. As a result, prostitution became a big industry employing many people, including musicians. However, in 1917, a blow came close to destroying jazz. The Secretary of the Navy, having fear for the safety, if not the morals, of naval personnel stationed in New Orleans, ordered the city to repeal the ordinance establishing Storyville.

The musicians who went north made several changes in the traditional New Orleans style. The principal reason for these changes was that the musicians in Chicago were all professional musicians making all their money from music. This was an important difference from

New Orleans where most musicians had other daytime jobs and thus played only in the evenings or on weekends. As a result the musicians were forced to attain a higher technical standard, and the ensemble passages and the whole composition tended to become more orderly and more arranged.

But the most fundamental change in jazz as played in Chicago in the twenties was the replacement of collective improvisation by solo improvisation. In New Orleans, the emphasis was always on the ensemble playing. There were occasional solos but more often these were only to give the other musicians a rest. In Chicago, however, musicians anxious to impress their particular skill on their audiences eschewed the old way of playing in favour of a more open style with shorter ensemble passages and longer solos. Such solos would be accompanied by the rhythm section but without the support of the other horns.

The crash of 1929 brought down with it the fortunes of jazz. The interest of the public turned to sweet and sentimental bands like those of Guy Lombardo and Hal Kemp, and jazz might well have perished had it not been for an important change in the music, that is, its adaptation to playing by a large orchestra or band.

The beginnings of this adaptation can be seen in some of the Chicago jazz of the twenties. But the process reached its climax in what has been called the Swing Era. This period, lasting roughly from 1936 to 1942, was the first and only time when even a diluted form of jazz has been a commercial and a popular success.

A swing band with a difference was the band of Duke Ellington. While the other swing bands played arrangements, Ellington was writing for his band actual compositions such as his "*Black and Tan Fantasy*," his "*Liberian Suite*" and his "*Tone Parallel to Harlem*." Unlike Gershwin, Ellington kept his compositions in a jazz style by retaining improvisation and a propulsive rhythm and by having these compositions played, not by a symphony orchestra but by his own band, that is, by jazz musicians.

As the war years progressed, the swing bands, always a mixture of jazz and commercial elements, gradually became more and more interested in appealing to the popular market. As a result, many music-

ians became disgusted with swing and began to interest themselves in different types of jazz. These musicians may be roughly divided into two groups, the Traditionalists and the Experimental Modernists.

The Traditionalists argued that swing had become banal and uninteresting because it had moved away from true New Orleans jazz. Therefore they attempted to play in the authentic old style as they knew it from the records of the twenties.

Although the followers of the Traditionalist Revival regarded the experiments of the Modernists as even farther from true jazz than swing, it is the Modernists that we must look to to find the next step in the development of jazz and the basis of much jazz being played today. The new jazz of the Modernists may be discussed under two general headings: first, bop, and second, progressive jazz.

Bebop or rebop or bop as it was finally called was in many respects not really a revolution so much as a reaction to an earlier form of jazz. For one thing, bop marked the movement of jazz away from large bands back to small groups of five or six musicians. Moreover the emphasis in bop was not on arrangement but on improvisation, although not collective improvisation as in traditional jazz. Nevertheless, bop seemed to musicians and fans to be something new, difficult and weird. For one thing, the melodies which formed the basis for improvisation in bop seemed to be angular and frightening. Yet it was true of bop as of earlier jazz that what the musicians really used as the basis of their improvisations was not the melody at all but rather the chord structure underlying that melody. Some of the chord progressions used in the bop tunes were really the same chords which underlay very common hit parade tunes, while others were different and more difficult.

Another quality of bop which made that music more difficult was the sort of improvisation which it required. Up to this time, jazz musicians could rely on certain clichés and set patterns to pad out a solo. In bop, however, the solos became much more complex and more imaginative. The bop musicians also developed a lighter, more unobtrusive rhythm which did not detract from the solos but which was used to emphasize or to punctuate

portions of a solo as well as to lay down a steady beat.

The other form of experimental jazz which developed towards the end of the war was Progressive jazz. This jazz was quite different from bop in that it was big band music. This distinguishing quality of the Progressive bands was their arrangements, which often smacked more of a Stravinsky than of swing. The principal band which comes under this heading is the band of Stan Kenton.

We do not have space for a detailed discussion of modern jazz. One or two trends may however be noted. During the last few years, jazz has begun to take itself seriously. For most of its existence, jazz was regarded either as harmless folk music or as a part of the entertainment industry. But the developments in bop and Progressive jazz and in modern jazz are showing that jazz musicians are not content to allow their music to remain simply folk or dance music. Indeed, the past fifteen years has shown an increasing interest on the part of jazz musicians, critics, and listeners in purely musical values and, jazz has begun to establish itself as music interesting on a purely musical basis.

The structure of jazz also has come under fire from jazz musicians and critics during the past few years. One great objection has been to the solid rhythmic pulse of jazz. Few groups have dared to abandon entirely the 4/4 beat, but many modern groups have lightened the effect of that beat by removing the piano, guitar the drums from the combo.

Another limitation of jazz which has been challenged lately is the absence of any very simple forms in the music. Al Zeigler, a jazz student and musician, writes that:

"The growth of improvisation in jazz depends upon an extension and acquisition of new forms. The theme and variation and trio from which has been the basis of jazz until now has limited those who are in the realm of exploration."

The writer goes on to suggest that he would like to hear in jazz "someone play a genuine fugue or sonata, according to the rules, without sounding like Bach."

There are some critics of jazz as well as a few musicians who have

challenged the virtue of improvisation itself. H. S. Rummell describes the plight of the improviser as follows:

"Improvisation is both fiendishly difficult and fiendishly deceptive. Consider. The player must carry on, must have a flow of ideas, preferably good ones, for immediate use. What happens, except to the authentic genius? Under this desperate urge of necessity, in this split second, he grabs what's available, and gladly. If it's flat and banal or inappropriate, he must use it anyway, must stagger on . . . He forgets that to the listener it makes little difference, really, whether the musical idea was grabbed from the air or carefully shaped, re-shaped and polished before utterance. We judge that we hear."

The answer to this criticism is that the search for ideas by the improviser is not quite so desperate as Mr. Rummell would make out. For one thing, the jazz improviser is experienced at just this sort of spontaneous creation of melody. To play jazz at all, a musician must be a very imaginative artist. Also a jazz soloist is not playing in a vacuum, but together with other musicians who serve to stimulate him and each other. For example, one soloist will often use a fragment of a previous solo to begin his own improvisation. At any rate, it is misleading to think that every time a jazzman takes a solo on a particular tune, he will turn out an entirely new improvisation. The solos taken by a musician on two records or at two performances of the same tune may differ in details but usually not in the general outline. One cannot deny the fact that a jazz concert or a jazz record may be very bad. But then, a composer who has an off day may write something which is equally bad.

However that may be, it is certainly true that jazz has become, during the past few years, an increasingly important part of American culture and therefore of the culture of Canada. Jazz musicians today seem to be striving for two things, first, respectability, and second, acceptance of their music as music. This paper has sought to examine the music upon which they base their claims.

Dick Dunlop

Old John

There he stood!
Muscle and bone
Twisted and spent
By seventy-four years,
Bent over a spade.

Alone he stood,
Gnarled, warped, and wrinkled,
Propped and bleeding sweat;
Moving slowly and wearily
Like a weather-beaten waterwheel.

John and I were friends.
He was backfiller on the sidewalk crew,
I was truck driver.
When I'd drive by
He'd pause,
Lift his age-molded face,
And lean heavily on his spade;
Then he'd smile a wrinkled smile,
And with a wavering hand
Would wave at me.

When noon came
We'd eat our lunch together
And talk.
I like to think
When hairs have turned to silver
The gold that was in them
Has sunk into the mind.
Aged wisdom is a gold mine.
Gold — tried and purified seven times.

John's wisdom was simple but profound,
And coupled with his being,
Could move one deeply.
I asked him once,
As best my German would allow
(For John could speak no English):
"Aren't you a little old to work?"
I thought perhaps he'd throw back a sleeve,
Harden a scrawny muscle,
And bellow boldly:
"Young man! I've got years left! Why . . . !"
But he didn't.
John couldn't forsake honesty,
Not even under pretense.
He answered simply:
"Ich muss, denn ich habe nichts!"

Now, there he stood,
Struggling with a shovel of dirt.
His wobbling legs
Balanced his wavering body.
His sinuous arms,
Like rusty cables,
Tightened his fingers.
Slowly and unsteadily
The shovel of dirt hoisted.
A drop of sweat fell from his brow
And splattered against the tremoring spade handle.
The dirt hovered above its destiny
And slid from the shovel.

There he stood!
Bent, beaten, and broken;
Trembling, shaking, falling,
Defeated, dying . . . ;
Dying — yet living!
And living, bursting with glory.
For there he stood!
His towering spirit
Defying stubbornly
The grip of his snarled flesh.
He stood!
A man.
An image of God!
A symbol;
A sacred symbol
Of a sacred Truth.
For there he stood!
And from his riddled body
Burst forth,
In all its fury —
Like chariots of fire —
A fulfillment,
A consummation
Of that age-old,
God-instituted
Covenant of Adam's:
*"In the sweat of thy face . . ."*¹
*"Ich muss, denn ich habe nichts!"*²

¹-Genesis 3:19

²-I must, for I have nothing.

Ed Friesen

Picasso And Art

Webster's New International Dictionary defines abstract painting and sculpture as work "characterized by little or no reference to the appearance of objects in nature." In saying "little or no" the dictionary has admitted that there can be two definitions for abstract art. The ambiguity of the word allows Picasso's statement that there is no abstract art and the opposite feeling that all arts is abstract. So it is necessary to define the term that I will use. Naturalism is the depiction of nature or objects as they appear to the eye. Realism depicts, from the painter's viewpoint, the subject with regard to the forces in it and acting on it. When artists step beyond natural reality their art becomes more personal and our reaction to it is equally more personal. Abstraction is, then, painting divorced from depiction, pure painting, unconcerned with representation or naturalistic laws such as those of perspective. According to this Picasso is not an abstract painter (although on very rare occasions he has been). Truly non-representational artists are a distinct minority in the ranks of modern painters. Unnaturalistic realism involves mannerism and stylization which have always been a part of art. In such a painting as Leonardo da Vinci's *Madonna of the Rocks*, the group is arranged in a triangle, a characteristic device of high Renaissance art. The figures are idealized and formal. The background is highly imaginative with only superficial reality. Naturalistic depiction of unnatural scenery is a style of the twentieth century surrealists. So da Vinci, in many ways, comes under the same general heading as Picasso, a realist.

This was the starting point. According to one reference book¹, Gauguin disregarded modelling, form values, linear perspective, recession of planes, secondary detail, movement, relief, and the sensuality of expression. No artist can discard these and remain naturalistic. Yet Gauguin seems very orthodox to us today. He created a system of stylization, precisely what Picasso did over and over again. Picasso's great variety of styles gives him a unique position in our century. In his

numerous periods he has almost covered all the aspects of modern art. In this way he is one of the best artists with whom to begin any study of modern art, but he also evades the student. He has worked in pencil, ink, chalk, crayon, charcoal, pastels, etching, metal engraving, drypoint, lithography, oils (occasionally mixed with sand), watercolour, gouache, aquatint, wash, collage, plasticine, clay, mosaic, plaster, wood, bone, wire, wrought iron, brass, bronze, and combinations. In his enormous quantities of work, even the guide posts are sometimes confusing.

At fourteen, Picasso was painting effective, naturalistic portraits. That year his father became art instructor at the academy in Barcelona. Picasso completed the entrance exam at the academy, for which a month is allowed, in a day. In Barcelona he met a group of artists including Miguel Utrillo, an expert on El Greco, and Ramon Casas. Through Casas, Picasso adopted a style close to that of Toulouse-Lautrec. But the sphere of influence changed in 1900 when Picasso went to Paris. There he painted like Gauguin, and van Gogh. He imitated and learned. Perhaps the failure of his 1901 showing made him critically examine his style, but, nevertheless, toward the of that year, Picasso began his Blue period. The stylization of the Blue and Pink periods is in colour and subject only. Picasso still used conventional form and modelling.

No one has satisfactorily explained why Picasso used blue so exclusively during those four years. It is not unusual for Picasso to limit his palette, but never as consistently as he did between 1901 and 1905. In 1901, Picasso painted the formulative *The Blue Room*. An impersonal nude is standing in a shallow pan giving herself a sponge bath. On the wall of the studio behind her is one of Toulouse-Lautrec's posters. The scene is quiet, almost methodical. The blue colouring makes the painting despondent. Picasso chose alcoholics, harlots, impoverished mothers, laundrywomen,

¹-Lake and Maillard, *A Dictionary at Modern Painting*.



Guernica—Picasso

and beggars as subjects for his blue period paintings. He presented them with a drab intensity that is occasionally overplayed. In 1905, Picasso painted *Blue Boy*, a typical yet outstanding example of Picasso's early style. A youth of about twenty, in muted blue clothes, stares methodically downward to the left. He has a simple nobility. Picasso achieves striking effects in his portraits. The more naturalistic are positive proof of Picasso's mastery of naturalistic techniques.

The Pink period is less morbid but remains melancholy. It represents the same basic style as the Blue period but with a change of subject matter and colouring. Picasso chose circus subjects and seems to have been interested in the clownish figures of Pierrot and Harlequine; the latter especially was a constant subject. He appears in *The Family of Saltimbanques* which presents a lonely group of circus performers waiting. There is no in-

tegral unity to the painting which seems to question the meaningfulness of life. It is impressive and one of the most important of Picasso's early paintings. Picasso maintained his Blue and Pink style while painters were idolizing Gauguin. With cubism, Picasso took the lead, a role which he has enjoyed ever since.

Perhaps the most important painting of our century is a stilted composition entitled *Les Femmes d'Alger*. The colour is hard and dry and the painting has little life. It is tightly composed with a new analysis of form that soon developed into cubism. What is cubism? If we apply the term literally it refers to approximately a six year period in Picasso's art. The style occurs sporadically later, but not to any degree. Kahnweiler noted that "Picasso left behind what he himself had created and transformed cubism, which began as a school of severe discipline, into a doctrine of freedom." Once the break was



Extended loan by the artist to the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

made, Picasso pushed the "severe discipline" of analytic cubism to a logical extreme, until his canvases were composed of dozens of small colour areas and accented by careful colour stress and subtle emphasis. Perhaps the best example is the portrait of *Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler*, 1910. There was a strong trait of austerity in early cubism and this particular painting is no exception. It is painted in greyish blues and brown, supplemented by a chalky white. The style is idiomatic and demands study. Technique is predominant. Apollinaire, French author and defender of cubism, commented that Picasso was "assassinating" anatomy "with the science and technique of a great surgeon." The portrait of Kahnweiler is a masterpiece in a limited idiom. It represents the climax of a style that Picasso discarded. All through his life, Picasso constantly experimented, leaving most extreme elements behind and never seeming to lack

new techniques and ideas.

The austerity of the early cubism disappeared with an excursion into collage with its use of newspaper, cloth, and other materials pasted onto the canvas. The guitar seemed to fascinate Picasso. The recurring subject began to appear in about 1911. Picasso pasted together *Still Life with a Guitar*, representing a guitar by a black strip of paper with a hole and three painted lines down it. Guitarish curves surround this and there is the suggestion of a handle. *Guitar*, 1912, is built from paper and string, and *Mandolin*, 1914, consists of wood, nailed together and partly painted. Both are very effective uses of an unusual style of art. By 1926, Picasso had the guitar pared down to a piece of sackcloth, a strip of newspaper, a piece of string, two lines, and seventeen nails.

Around 1914 Picasso introduced what is termed Rococo cubism. The angular construction in the earlier

works was replaced by a richer style of abstraction containing pointilist use of dots of colour. The usual subjects are still lifes. In *Viva La France* a wicker bound bottle, two glasses, paper, cards, and a vase of flowers are set against the neat background of a papered wall. The predominant glass is shaped like a broad funnel and composed of dots of red, green, and white. Separate from the colouring, one side has an angular design while the other is rounded, an example of Picasso's multiplication of forms. This technique allows Picasso to show a face both in profile and from the front, a means of fuller representation.

Picasso replaced Rococo cubism with the bright blocks of colour of the crystal period, a simplified style of analytic cubism. The subject is reduced to a series of flat colour areas, superimposed upon each other. The painting *Harlequin*, 1915, has only four main curved lines, each quite small. A tall patterned panel represents the Harlequin's costume. Behind it are four other planes of colour, parts of which are background. Any character that the figure has comes from its happy little smile and its eyes. The restrictions of this style are eliminated in such a painting as *Pierrot and Harlequin*, 1919. Only the background is strictly linear. The figures are stylized with bright patterns and smooth curves. The result is a very appealing painting.

In 1921 Picasso painted *The Three Musicians* (two versions of which are in the U.S.A.) which besides summarizing the work of the crystal period, is generally considered to be Picasso's second greatest work. In it the curved and linear extremes of the crystal period are harmoniously joined. The musicians are created over a blue colour plane that unifies the three, while the superimposed planes give the figures distinct individuality. With its static gaiety, the painting achieves a classicism all its own.

From the massive figures of the sixteenth century mannerists, Picasso borrowed the basis for his neo-classical figures. *The Race* is probably the best known example. The two females running along the primeval beach are giantesses. Even when active they have a weightiness that suggests that they are descendants of the Titans. There is

a smooth purity to this style. All subordinate details are eliminated to strengthen the presentation. The clothes are characterless loose folds of cloth and only rarely do backgrounds affect the presentation. Neo-classicism was at its best with portraits but was unable to adapt to the restrictions of still lifes. After his neo-classical period, Picasso worked on a new style of still lifes. The style evolved into a formula prompting Jean Cocteau, a close friend of Picasso, to state that "Montmartre and Montparnesse were under dictatorial rule . . . Objects that could be placed on a cafe table and Spanish guitars were the only distractions permitted." Here is a simple formula for any aspiring artist to use to create a Picasso still life: Place a select group of some of these elements on a two dimensional table—guitar, bowl, glass, bottle, fruit, classical bust, books, paper, etc. Freely interpret and colour in limited colours, chiefly brown. There is no need to follow the lines of the subject when colouring. Actually these paintings were carefully done and widely imitated. The subject group was simplified, rather than elaborated by the lines and planes. It is a limited style and can become tedious. For Picasso, it was a more typical style than what followed.

The Dinard period was the result or surrealist influence on Picasso's work. Surrealism presents a jumbled reality, a world of fantasy and symbolism justified as being the work of the subconscious. Artists strived to rid their work of any conscious effort and produced weird and wonderful scenes. Dali gave giraffes flaming manes; Tanguy created stone-like creatures or creature-like stones; Picasso produced amazing etchings and hallucinatory paintings. The surrealists accepted as words of praise such comments as convulsive and disquieting. Picasso was not a faithful surrealist. He created a new style that led away from surrealism. *The Dream*, a less extreme example of these paintings, has an unusual charm. The painting is done in brilliant colours, green background, red chair, and a light mauve girl. Using a cubist technique, Picasso has painted the girl's head both in profile and full front, giving her a dream-like expression. The colours accent the sensual tranquility of the picture. But when an important subject came up, Pic-

asso discarded colours. *Guernica* has a great subject, but it is the treatment that gains it the title of the masterpiece of our century.

In 1937 the Basque town of Guernica was bombed during the Spanish civil war. Almost immediately Picasso began a painting on the brutality and injustice of war. He disregarded traditional devices and refused to tie the painting to place and time in any other way than in the title. There are approximately one hundred studies for and after the *Guernica*. *Guernica* itself is a mural of monumental scale, eleven feet, six inches by twenty-five feet, eight inches. With almost painful austerity Picasso depicted nine figures in a stage-like environment. The main figure is a wounded horse, half-rearing in the center of the canvas. Around him are death and painful life. Only two figures remain free from pain, a bull and a woman who holds a lamp above the suffering. A hollow warrior with a broken sword lies on the ground. A mother with an unconscious child laments at the cruelty. There is no enemy. This is the impersonalness of modern war.

Guernica is painted entirely in black, bluish white, and grey. There is no modelling, only flat representation. A naturalistic painting could not combine this subject group but the animated cubism accepts them easily. Once the viewer accepts the style the painting has great power. This is the greatest criticism of *Guernica*. "*Guernica* is a great painting without doubt," wrote one critic. It speaks, however, in an "intellectual, sophisticated idiom, removed . . . from the understanding of the common man." Vernon Clark claims that Picasso has "combined various formal devices such as cubism and expressionism to obscure the subject." Yet this is perhaps the most powerful statement in modern art. The style is a definite barrier, one common to all highly stylized art. But we cannot deny that subject and style work together. Picasso constantly adapts the degree of naturalism and realism to his particular subjects. *Guernica* demands study. We must accept this statement as we have the one that says Plato demands study. A more important comment criticizes subject matter. "The bull, villain of the piece, is the only figure in the mural

that has any dignity. The victims," he continues, "are scarecrow figures," and the horse is reminiscent of its comic place in the bull ring. As I indicated earlier, I don't believe that the bull is the villain. Larrea says "the bull symbolizes the continuity of the Spanish nation and hence is shown protecting the lamenting mother." I fail to see how a suffering horse can be a comic figure. Nor is the painting nihilistic, as has been claimed, when we interpret the bull as Spain and the bird as an element of hope. The lady holding the lamp above the group cries in anguish to see the scene. *Guernica* is an emotional condemnation of violence presented with a deliberate restraint.

Alfred Barr Jr. is willing to rest his case for *Guernica* on this challenge. "Let those who find the *Guernica* inadequate joint to a greater painting produced . . . during our century." Unfortunately we will not live to see *Guernica*, or the works of Picasso, scrutinized as art a century old. Some claim today that "There have been no truly monumental works of modern art."² Statements on modern art are mainly opinion. We have almost nothing to compare modern art to and no idea of where it is going.

The war brought a gloom to Picasso's art. In 1942 he painted *Still Life with a Bull's Skull* in a brooding purple. The bleak skull stands out sharply against the shaded window behind. The painting achieves a feeling of deep distress through a barren subject and a contrast of colours. The very striking *Tomato Plant and Decanter* is basically a contrast too. It shows the warmth and persistence of life (the tomato plant) against a coldly impersonal world (an icy, blue-grey window and decanter). The tomato plant is lyrically stylized, contrasting its curved lines against the stiff geometry of its environment. The contrast gives the little plant surprising beauty.

At Antibes Picasso adapted his analytic geometry to an unlikely subject, mythological characters. With the war over, Picasso painted the light hearted *La Joie De Vivre*, the joy of life. The picture has completely unnaturalistic colouring, especially of the figures. Picasso kept a careful surveillance of col-

²-Jean Vincent, *History of Art*.

our, in keeping with the monumental character of the picture. Generally, only during the surrealist period was Picasso's palette unrestricted. *La Joie De Vivre* uses flat colour areas with almost no blending of colour. It pictures two centaurs, a maenad, and two goats, romping and playing musical instruments on a beach. The painting is in no way stilted but I can not help wondering why not. The painting is lively but suprisingly subtle and that is, perhaps, its secret. In spite of a completely stylized technique the painting has a true spirit of classicism.

Picasso has made cubism serve him well, and it is great, to a large degree, through him. Modern art earns a bad name from its freaks. We hear of a London artist who rides a bicycle over his canvases to mix sand, printer's ink, and paint on them. The late Collier's magazine devoted an article to the gambols of Salvador Dali, stressing such things

as his lacquered hairdo and the pink brassiere he once wore to a party. The article neglected to explain his art. The true leaders in modern art are careful craftsmen. For every major painting of Picasso's we have numerous studies. The public laugh at Jackson Polloc (Jack the dripper), who squeezes paint directly from the tube onto the canvas, without trying to understand what he wants to achieve. Even the most bizarre experiments do have a place in abstract art, creating effects that may lead towards something new. The extremes reached by Mondrian and Kandinsky were a great addition to our heritage. Stylization has always been a part of art. If any piece were completely naturalistic there would be slight chance of its being interesting. Modern art is the result of a new freedom and has grown from a complex of art and theories into a glittering world of imagination and showmanship.

Doug Saunders

Doomsday

In those days they saw
The picture that they made,
The universe, the eight concentric spheres
Like golden rings encircling the earth.
In those days they watched
And waited for Doomsday.
And the music of the spheres would cease
And the golden rings
And the lifeless earth
Would hang in the heavens
Forever and ever
To the glory of God.

Like patients in the dentist's anteroom
We watch the clock and wait
In tedious anxiety
We watch the clock
And wait for Doomsday,
When the music of the world will cease
And the cold moon
Forever circles
Round a lifeless earth
Forever and ever
To the glory of man.

Helen Eisert

Mr. Prudu

Mr. Prudu tends to introduce himself,
Every little speech he makes is formal.
He monograms the place for,
And designates the space for:

An introduction,
Main body,
And conclusion.

He abhors confusion.

He pins his victims with a glassy stare.
Though he has been most erudite and clear,
Poor dullards may not comprehend
So Mr. Prudu adds an end:

A very
Learnéd
Exhortation.

He adores complication.

Helen Eisert

Julius

long, long ago and once upon sometimes
in rome there was committed the most witless of all crimes
it seems there was an argument on who the king should be
and our grand hero julius was certain it was he
but unbeknownst to julius conspirators were sending
plans to marcus brutus predicting his upending
now you know as well as i what dignitaries do
to influence and interfuse a most exclusive few
so thinking he was very wise (not knowing his time at hand)
he banished a conspirator's brother far from roman land
artemidorus wrote a warning—julius wouldn't read it
his wife calpurnia had a dream—julius wouldn't heed it
So don't you think it served him right, the way he always crabbed
and praised himself explicitly! that he was finally stabbed
ambition was the reason for his staying mute
ambition too the cause for his uttering "*et tu brute*"

I

An Ode To A Lowbrow

*A dissertation by the late Andrew D. Snaffu
(often called the Faultless Husband)*

But do not let us argue any more,
No, my dear Lucy, please bear with me tonight.
Pray be seated, the opera doesn't start till nine.
You turn your face from the C.B.C. Times, but does it bring your heart?
Speak to me no more, this word culture.
Although this symbolic metamorphism called culture is quite effete,
It can be jolly well un-nerving to your seat.
Very well, — Take Wagner for example . . .
My dear Lucy, you don't believe me?
You sit and squirm and listen and wonder,
At what the pyromaniac Wotan is doing with all that thunder!
Is the sweet, kind and "gentle" Brunnhilde going to sizzle?
Or will the hero Siegfried send down a drizzle?
And actually, my dear, just what to do you think,
Of the goddess's boddice's
I pray you, don't look at me so contemptuously,
I've tried.
I cheered Amafortas, in Parsifal.
And yelled and applauded for a forbidden curtain call,
Which for my pains, my dear, I was gently escorted from the hall.
Oh, me.
And that fat tenor,
You know—the one from La Scala, Milan—
When he bellowed forth his "*La donna e' Mobile*"
I wonder, "What he say?, What he say?"
Ruddy foreigner.
Your elite friends consoled me,
"My dear fellow, don't be discouraged at the word "Gotterdammerung"
Just wait till you hear it so aesthetically sung!"
Just wait . . . ha!
When Wotan's nine galloped and Yo-Ho toed their way across the stage.
In a fine Valhallic dissertation.
I must admit, my "awe" finally gave way to regurgitation.
I suppose, to the cultured high-brow, the Ring cycle is quite exotic,
To me, not one of the "chosen",
The unnerving Nibelung is quite chaotic.
Don't look at me so narrowly,
You on your cultural plateau, so sublimely superior,
And me the essence of a lowbrow, Oh, so very much inferior.
What's that—Is that your opera buff's whistle?
Ah—I am afraid that you hear not a word I say.
Again his whistle,—
Go my dear, go—

Charles Talbot

*But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia (Browning)*

Let us be quiet Lucrezia.
You and I should go into the evening holding hands.
Dusk breaks and falls, and covers everything,
And reaps the world in darkness. Even now
The wheel has gone full circle
And returns dust unto dust,
To rise and fall again.
The world holds little for us.
There remains only this quietness
When our minds as one
Touch everything, and gather moments in,
And hold them to us before they are gone.

Helen Eisert

The Rebels

We are of dirt, the spawn
Of shadows in the slums.

Our eyes slit with envy and tension:
The wall bleeds for our fists.

At night we wait on corners, watching,
More animals still brutes than men.

Our look unskins our hatred.
Behind our eyes, a beast gnawing bonds.

Edwin N. Turner

Sunbeams

Skittering, scampering
Slithering, slanting
Romping and rolling
Caressing, cajoling
Glittering, glowing
Fluttering, flowing
Gold dust on wing
Heralding spring.

I

A Dream

*Like purple fog
the night rolls in
and wraps its shroud around us.*

I dreamt I saw the sun eclipsed:
a thousand trinkets on its face
threw a thousand twisted shadows
on a green fantastic sky.

And in the field where I lay,
on a furrow freshly turned
there sat a woman great with child
(clothed in black)
who stooped to whisper in my ear;
her frightened swollen body trembling
as she spoke to me of war.

The blemished sun as she wept
was hurtled from its sphere;
in the South a blinding flash
and clouds of smoke arose:
the South had disappeared.

To the prophetess I turned again
to offer words of peace;
I stretched my hand to comfort her—
but she had gone away.

*Then I awoke to the acid world
that mortals say is real,
screaming to the empty night—
choked by the purple fog.*

R. F. Pinder

Tom

He is a man whose mind austere
encloses four blue walls and Bach;
military simplicity, clarity and dispassion.
There was a time when even he
contemplated and measured out Parnassus
by naked eye;

He who is not seduced by beauty,
He who beholds blue skies through pure blue eyes;
Whom bonds of blood, of friendship, barely warm;
Who will protect him from the spell of loneliness?

Charles Anderson

All Which Is Useless

The menace of the Soviet sputnik has clearly indicated what our scientists have known for a long time: our educational system and, in fact, our entire way of life, are woefully outdated. We can no longer afford to waste money and brains on "Art" and "artists", things which are relatively useless in this modern jungle of competing nations. We must concentrate on science, in the high schools and in the universities. We need chemists, physicists, atomic scientists, and engineers, not Ph.D.'s, D'sLitt., and the like. All which is useless, which cannot further our technical development, must be eliminated.

This is the hard road to survival. The Russians have taken it, and so must we. Further, Science, if given a free hand, could not only defend the West against aggression, but could utilize the vast new sources of power at man's disposal to create a Utopia on earth.

(Letter to the editors in a North American magazine)

After the war was over, after the last super-bomb was exploded and the last city annihilated, the scientists came to power. Wherever an island of life survived among the atomic ruins and the fall-out deserts, these men became the natural leaders. They had built the weapons with which the war had been fought, they had directed the actual fighting, and they, as the most valuable citizens in both camps, had received first priority for the limited space available in the anti-contamination shelters. Now that mankind had almost wiped itself out, the scientists alone knew how to begin rebuilding. Therefore, they became the masters of the earth.

From the very first the scientists demonstrated a remarkable aptitude for their tasks. All the evils of disunity, jealousy, and prejudice which had afflicted all former political bodies were now surprisingly absent. Within a week, that which had eluded mankind for all the previous centuries of his existence had been achieved: a universal order was established, uniting the scattered

patches of survivors under the leadership of a Supreme Council of the twelve most learned scientists in the world.

The next step was to restore the most essential organs of government and of communication. Then, the earth's food, clothing, and medical supplies were inventoried, and distributed according to need, while those means of producing these commodities which still remained were put to use once more. All this was accomplished with incredible ease and efficiency, and very quickly at least a semblance of stability was restored in those few parts of the world where it was still possible for men to dwell.

Of course, such rapid recovery required a certain degree of ruthlessness. Food and shelter were not wasted on people dying of radiation poison, or on those who had been maimed or crippled, or even on the aged. And people who were expected to recover despite their exposure to radiation were sterilized lest they reproduce themselves with deformed progeny. In fact, only those who could *materially* assist in the recovery were allowed to survive. Doctors of philosophy, lawyers, actors, dilettantes,—anyone who had not previously *made* something or *done* something to assist in satisfying man's need for food, clothing, and shelter—were channelled into occupations in which they would do so, and if they did not prove useful here, they were not given any rations.

The scientists realized that recovery depended upon the learning and technical skills of an educated class, and they re-opened the schools and universities as soon as possible. This action created a great strain on the food, housing, and labor supplies, because, while the students were engaged in learning, they continued to consume food and to occupy living space, but they produced nothing in return. Therefore, said the scientists, since the young peoples' education was so costly, they must be taught only skills which would afterwards enable them to contribute to the material rebuilding of the world. To read, to write, to understand mathematics, and chemistry, and physics, and biology, to build a

bridge or to develop a better kind of wheat, or even to administer a government department or to psycho-analyse a worker whose mental problems had made him unproductive—all these things were useful. But, to appreciate a poem, to paint a picture, to create a symphony or a song, or to know what had happened in 44 B.C.—of what use were all these things now? Of no use whatsoever, said the scientists, and mankind could no longer afford to waste its energies on them. Besides, several members of the Supreme Council believed that such nonsense had made men eccentric, dreamy, and unrealistic, and that it was men like these who had been largely responsible for the war. It would be not only wasteful, but foolish, to revive the Arts.

The Supreme Council also believed that another cause of the war (and of all previous wars and human troubles, for that matter) had been the misrule of mankind by incapable people, whether these had been incompetent despots or democratic mobs. How much wiser it would be to leave the governing of the earth to the men of science who, with their orderly minds, their great capacity for detail, and their training in scientific methods, could create a society which would function with the precision of a well-oiled machine. Thus, another thing which was not restored was self-government. The Supreme Council remained supreme.

The cold rationality of the Supreme Council was, for some, just a little frightening. Behind the recovery of the human race there seemed to lurk an unseen force, which was able to appreciate only man's physical wants. Was it merely because the scientists, the very embodiment of materialism, had absolute power, or was it something else? In any case, most people were too occupied with the reconstruction to give the matter much thought, and the few protests against the new order were quelled. The important thing was that mankind was being salvaged from the ruins by the scientists and, in view of their amazing success, why question their methods? This was the hard road to survival, and it had to be followed.

But, in their relief that the world was being rebuilt, and in their trust in the scientists, most people overlooked one thing: The new order

was too perfect; no human agency could have done all that had been done so quickly or smoothly. But mankind could not be blamed for believing so blindly in the capabilities of the scientists; even before the war science had been a sacred cow.

And, actually, the scientists were only indirectly responsible for mankind's recovery. Before the war, a certain group of them (whose nationality is unimportant) had foreseen the impending cataclysm, and had anticipated the day when science would be called upon to restore the world. Against that day, these men had used their skill in constructing electronic computers (instruments which had guided the rocket missiles to their destinations with deadly accuracy) to build a machine, an electronic brain, which could solve almost any technical problem. After the war, the machine was given to the Supreme Council of Scientists, who tried it out and found it to be wonderfully useful. The Council fed the machine the problems, and the machine produced the answers. Thus had come about the miracle of organization and ingenuity which was the post-war recovery of the human race.

And, as the machine continued to prove itself, the Supreme Council extended the scope of its powers. The machine was improved and expanded, and its capacity for solving new and more complex problems was increased, the machine itself solving many of the problems of its own expansion. Dozens of new categories were added to the range of its activities: it planned the curriculum for the schools, it made economic surveys and it overcame difficulties which had baffled science for years. An ever-increasing number of decisions relating to the governing and the welfare of the human race were made by the machine; it increased in size, in complexity, and it almost seemed, in intelligence. Its potential appeared limitless.

And the secret of the machine's success seemed to lie in the paramount principle which the scientists had incorporated into it; the machine could appreciate only man's material problems. It could attend only to man's physical needs, and it regarded all else as useless, and therefore to be eliminated. The machine might tell man how best to grow his crops, how to restore his shattered cities, how to push back the ra-

diation frontiers, and how to control the growth of population. But, in balancing the education budget, it was incapable of allotting a penny for the teaching of Literature, and, with ruthless efficiency, it could advise the pulverization of the Parthenon to provide rock for a concrete building. Such was the pattern which its makes had instilled into it, and, as the years passed and as the machine continued to increase in power and to assume more and more of the governing of the earth, such was the pattern which it continued to follow.

The machine's existence, of course, was kept secret from the people, who continued to believe that they were being ruled by the Council of scientists. They might accept the rule of science, but would they have accepted the rule of a machine?

Half a century passed, and a new world emerged from the ruins of the old. All work was now performed by machines, which did not require human attention. Man was brought into the world by ingenious mechanical robots, his every physical need was attended to by other mechanisms during his lifetime, and, when, he died, his body was disposed of by still other machines. And, governing this vast, mechanical world was the great brain-machine. But how it had grown, and changed! The Machine had now become a gigantic electronic complex, occupying an entire city, and with its tentacles reaching out to every part of the planet and controlling every phase of human life. Government had ceased to exist, since the Machine now provided for all man's physical needs, and maintained a perfect harmony among men.

Only two members of the original Supreme Council were still alive, and, though they retained ultimate control over the Machine, they had made no adjustments in it for years. The Machine had become self-sustaining, and self-repairing; it could care for itself as capably as it could care for the world.

The need for an educated class, even for a class of scientists, had ended. Man was now free from labor, physical and mental, and could devote his endless leisure to pleasurable pursuits, which the Machine provided in abundance. Any physical activity he desired was instantly provided for him. He could roam

the world, explore the highest mountains or the depths of the ocean, bask in the sunshine, eat or drink anything he wished, and gratify any sensual appetite as well.

Even that single factor which might have prevented him from enjoying his life, his own mind, with its inhibitions, its aberrations, its ambitions, its conscience, and its frustrations, had been sounded, explored, and conquered by the Machine. Each child now grew up under the watchful electronic eye of a robot machine, which carefully guarded his mind to make sure that he did not develop any abnormalities, and which looked after his normalcy equally well during his adult years. Any abnormalities which might crop up unexpectedly were corrected by the robot psychotherapists, and, if these failed, there was always the skill of the robot-surgeons in performing frontal lobotomies.

The one thing which the Machine denied man was his desire to gratify his soul. Tendencies to paint pictures, or to write sonnets, or to worship a god, or to do anything of an intellectual nature, were regarded merely as other mental aberrations, to be cured by the psychotherapists. Indeed, after a new generation had grown up and the tradition of soul-gratification had almost been stamped out, and after the conditions which produced paintings, sonnets, and a need for a god had been removed, the Machine seemed to have proved that man had no soul. It still retained its materialism, which had been implanted in it by its builders, and it vigorously eliminated all else which it regarded as useless.

The Machine exalted materialism; it made it a mode of life. It destroyed all non-material pursuits, and gave man complete and final victory over his environment. And it was the scientists who, by first creating the Machine and putting it to use, had been responsible for man's new condition. The war had really been a blessing for the human race, because it had given the scientists a free hand. Into the Machine they had built themselves, and their own beliefs, and the result had been a super-scientist, far more intelligent, capable, and devoted to the service of man's body than were all the human scientists put together. Thus, through the Machine science had

triumphed. The Machine had given man his Utopia, and it had proven that all the foolish, irrational men who before the war had so stubbornly denied the power of science to solve all man's problems, and who had maintained that the Arts were an essential part of human life, had been wrong.

Of course, if one of those irrational men had been able to come out of the past to examine the new Utopia, he would probably have been appalled by what he saw. Man no longer struggled, or strove, or even thought; man existed—free from cares or conflicts. That which had most distinguished him from the animals, his imagination, had been obliterated, and he himself had become an animal, with his every animal-need provided for by the Machine, and with his intellect gradually being dulled and soothed to the neutral passiveness of the animal level. The visitor from the past would have been hard put to discover any intrinsic quality in man that might have distinguished him from the rest of the animals which inhabited the planet, save, perhaps, that the human species was obviously the Machine's favorite. But, in that man passed his days eating, drinking, sleeping, and mating, he was no different from a cow or a monkey.

The visitor from the past would almost surely have protested that the world had not become a Utopia, and that mankind had been betrayed by science and the Machine, but man would have neither understood him nor cared to understand him, and man would not have protested. But then, neither would have the cow or the monkey.

If man could not be said to have been happy in his Utopia, neither could he be said to have been unhappy; he was contented. Had he still been capable of wondering just what his condition was, it would have become apparent to him that there was no such thing as happiness, only an absence of unhappiness. The Machine had known this for years.

Finally there came a day when the last two living members of the Supreme Council of Scientists, the only remaining humans who realized or cared what had taken place on the earth since the great war, were nearing death. Before they died they wanted to ensure the continuance

of man's Utopia, and they determined to surrender the last vestiges of the Supreme Council's authority to the Machine, and to give it complete and absolute control of the destiny of the earth. So they went to the city of the Machine together and, among the soaring mazes of computers and pulsating cells which were the very heart of the world, they made the necessary adjustments. Then they went away, leaving the Master supreme. The Machine now had the power to do what it would with the world. It would now perpetuate itself, its order, and mankind for ever and ever.

There was little change at first. Before the final adjustments, the Machine had already had so much power that it really could not be given much more. A few minor alterations were made, and the Machine settled into the pattern which it had made for all eternity.

But then, the Machine was suddenly confronted with a problem, which shook every electronic cell of its vast structure. So overwhelming was the problem that the workings of the earth and of all its robots and its machines were momentarily convulsed and thrown off balance. All the powers of the Machine's great brain were brought to bear upon the question. Finally, a conclusion was reached, a conclusion which threw the Machine into a new spasm of agitation. The Machine checked and counter-checked, again and again, but there was no denying its own infallible observations. It was quite apparent that the whole earth, with its swarming masses who were born, and lived, and died, endlessly, generation after generation, had no purpose. Their every want provided for, they contributed nothing in return, and they fulfilled no useful function. They were, in fact, USELESS.

Therefore, following the paramount principle which had been incorporated into it by its builders, and employing its new absolutism, the Machine set in motion forces which blew the earth into a billion fragments. And the dust from the explosion was flung outward to rejoin the nebulae, from which the planet had evolved eons before, and, for the passing traveller in space, no sign remained to indicate that the little planet, with its little crust of life, had ever existed.

Lawrence Burns

Thunder

As thunder rolled across the heaven
And the searing lighting smote
The skies; I read a chapter
Of the book our God had wrote;
His instruments were blunt, ungainly
Barring this, His stroke was deft
Then with purpose and with meaning
A message to the world he cleft
For one chapter, He had written
With a glacier for a pen,
Mirrored lakes and stalwart mountains
—All great things surrounding men.
Then I saw him lift his hand
And in strokes quite sure
I saw him draw an image
Man is God's signature
That signature thru out of the eras
So much shallow gain has sought
That now, that vestige once important
Is nothing but a blatant blot.

I

Frost

I dislike frost,
Hoarfrost,
Frilling frozen winter boughs,
Slivers cluttered at the tips of branches
Like Medieval angels.
A myriad of ice-hot needles
Pricking the morning,
Sending it naked,
Shivering down alleys.

I dislike frost,
Hoarfrost,
It grips my bones and molds me.
Like a caricature,
A hump-back bird, thin chested,
Feathers ruffled, wings akimbo,
I hop down alley-ways,
And creep through tunnels
Under ominous trees.

Helen Eisert

Fig Leaves

Adam and Eve with nothing on their mind,
Or anything else for that matter,
Stood silently on the corner,
Staring over the other's shoulder.

No one else was in town
Except the apple seller and he existed
Only for Eve when she closed eyes
And thought about things,
Like finding another couple
For bridge and how the hell
She could make do until payday.

Eve closed her eyes and soon the apple vender
Offered yet another one, and this time Eve,
Who really didn't care for fruit, took it
Because there was nothing better to do.

And the apple vender smiled,
For Eve stopped looking over Adam's shoulder.

Edwin N. Turner

Fatality

Night is fatalistic,
Has a way of curving in on us.
Before we know
It shoves us to the edges of the world
And breeds contagion.
Cyclops, the one-eyed man,
Who only sees the half of things, distorted,
Glowers upon us.
We retreat up mountains, build our towers, and wait.

Omnipotent in my tower,
I watched the one-eyed man
Rise bleeding on the horizon.
I killed him with my lance,
And pinned him to a fir tree.
The Evening Star waved to me,
Knew my power,
And held me in the quiver of her glance.

Helen Eisert

Allegory

A maiden mincing primly through
A morning meadow bright with dew
Frowns to see another maid
Running gaily, unafraid,
Bright hair flying wildly 'round,
Long skirt trailing on the ground.

"My dear!" the stately lassie cries,
"Your skirts are wet with dew.
You're splashed and streaked with dirty mud —
Walk nicely, as I do."

But the wild one replies,
A warm smile in her eyes:
"What is mud? Rich earth, fruitful with showers.
If I pick up my skirt
So it won't touch the dirt
I shall keep it from touching the flowers."

X

The Uncommon Skunk

Owing to one eccentric feature
The skunk is not a poetic creature.
Like all individualists, he is lonely;
When the rest of the world turns up its nose at his opinions he carries on
all by himself only.
The trouble with everyone to-day is that they want a safe neutrality.
They wouldn't dare to offend the world with the aura of a personality.
And even if the aura of the skunk is slightly mephitic,
At least it isn't hypocritic.
Modern man is always trying to keep in step out of which to be caught
would leave him at an utter loss.
But the skunk stands up courageously and bears his cross.
I admire the spunk
Of the skunk.

Charles Andeesson

[illegible]

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